

Open Water

by Jenn Perry

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Summary: Joey muses late at night. post-True Love

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Title: Open Water

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>Disclaimer: All recognized characters and situations belong to Kevin Williamson, The WB, and Granville

>Productions and I am in no way affiliated with them. All other characters and situations belong to me.

>Summary: Joey muses late at night.
>

>Props: To Maeve, for encouraging me in my dreams and being an awesome person-film majors rule! To

>Heather, for being on my wavelength when no one else is-XPFCers rule! And to Chris, thanks for

>being my Dawson while I search for my Pacey.
>

>Author Notes: I've never written for these characters before so your feedback is crucial to

>whether or not I write for them again. Oh, and I know even less about sailing than Dawson, so if I've

>made some kind of tactical error, please let me know how to fix it. This piece came to me last week at work

>while I was trying to hash out the next scene of my screenplay, but I just finished it last night.

>

>It was peaceful at night. The water lapped against the side of "True Love" as it rhythmically rocked with

>the waves. The surrounding sea had turned dark as the sun went down, blending the line between water and sky.

>A small breeze blew through the warm night air, teasing the lowered sail against the mast. A tiny sliver of moon

>did nothing to illuminate the nearby water. The thousands of stars above gave off only a pinpoint of light,

>making their presence known, sparkling against the
midnight backdrop. Down in the cabin below deck,
>Joey could hear Pacey snoring faintly.
>Joey took a deep breath and smelled the sea air.
The stale odor of salt and sea was familiar from all
>her years living in Capeside, but this was different.
She filled her lungs with the ocean air. This time it
>smelled new and fresh. It smelled of promise and
possibility. Out here in the open Atlantic, they were
>miles from anything familiar, which Joey felt, was
exactly what she needed.

>
Getting up from her perch on the bow of the ship,
>Joey moved quietly across the deck to the stern.
The boat creaked as she moved, startling her and
>stopping her in her tracks. Then it was silent once
more. She turned deliberately in a small circle taking
>in her surroundings. Blackness enveloped her on all
sides. There were no signs of life in any direction.
>It was times like this that she could pretend she and
Pacey were the only people in the world.

>
Of course, it was that thought that snapped Joey
back to reality, only to realize that this was her reality.

Looking down at herself, she smiled. Her reality at
>this moment was more a fantasy than real life. Little
Joey Potter was dressed in Pacey Witter's oversized
gray T-shirt and standing on his small sailboat in the
Atlantic Ocean, which was on its way to Florida. The
>furthest she had ever been from Capeside was Boston.
Now she was on her way to Key West with her former
enemy, with whom, somewhere along the way, she had
fallen in love. It sounded more like one of those movies
>that she and Dawson used to watch than anything
from her own life.

>
Dawson.

>
The emotions that had played across his face when
he told her to go to Pacey were frozen in her mind
and weighed heavy on her heart. The person who
>had been everything to her since she could remember
had slowly become less important this year. Life-
>changing events had been shared with Jen or Pacey
and then with Dawson, almost as an afterthought.
>Not only her feelings for Pacey or the subject of her
mural, but little things like dealing with her
>smarmy boss at the marina or her PSAT scores.
>When her PSAT scores had come, Joey had waited
twenty minutes for Pacey to ride his bike over after
>she had called him. She had stared at the envelope
as it lay on the table, as if it were a snake, ready to
>strike. When he had finally arrived, she had made
him open the letter. She had told him it was because
>he had been asking her if they had come every day for
the past three weeks, but they both knew it was because
>she was so nervous that her hands wouldn't stop shaking.
He had remained stone-faced for a brief moment after
>reading the contents to himself to make her sweat
before a huge grin replaced it. When he read her
>scores out loud, she couldn't believe it. They had started

screaming, laughing and jumping up and down. "Potter,
>you're brilliant!" he had said before wrapping her in a
huge bear hug. Joey wrapped her arms around herself

>now as she looked north. Dawson hadn't asked until
she had mentioned it on Witch Island a week later.

>
It was rather unsettling that she wouldn't have Dawson to run to when she got home. Life was
changing quickly for Joey Potter and she hoped she could find her way through it. She was learning every
day how to live without Dawson, how to live on her own terms and go after what she wanted. There was
now a new guy who meant everything to her and she was scared. Not because she wasn't sure of
herself-she knew she made the right choice-but because this was the first time she really felt she
didn't need Dawson. She felt liberated in a way she never thought she would have-she was finally discovering
herself.

>
Joey started when she felt a pair of strong arms encircle her waist. She sighed as she settled back
against his bare chest. Joey had never thought she'd be the kind of girl who melted, but every time
Pacey touched her, she did.

>
"Isn't it past your bedtime, Josephine?" Pacey whispered in her ear.

>"I couldn't sleep. Too many thoughts running through
my mind, I guess. So I came up top for some fresh air >to clear my head. Sorry if I woke you."

>"What's going on, Jo?"

>"You know the usual-did I get the bonus right on
my English final? Did I put the right amount of postage on that scholarship application? How can
steal this shirt when we get back without you noticing?-"

>
"You were thinking about him, weren't you?" Pacey interrupted, in a non-accusatory tone.

>Joey stopped, not knowing how to answer. He
probably wouldn't believe her if she said no, but she knew he'd be hurt if she said yes. She remained
silent.

>
Pacey continued, "It's okay if you are. Hell, I thought about him all day when I wasn't thinking those impure
thoughts about you in that bikini." Joey elbowed him, but felt a blush rise on her cheeks. "Face it,
yesterday, we lost our best friend, possibly for good.

>That's huge," he paused. "If we break up when we get
home, he's not going to be there to pick up the pieces.

>And I don't think Capeside is ready for the dynamic
duos of Joey and Jen or Pacey and Jack."

>
Joey smiled in spite of herself, picturing a world where that could happen.

>"It just puts a lot of pressure on a situation that
already has plenty of pressure. I'm sure it's only a matter of time before the pressure makes us crack
and proves him right," Pacey concluded.

>
"Pace, you're right, I was thinking about him, but not like that. I know I made the right decision and I'm
grateful to Dawson for giving me the push I needed to tell you how I feel. I'm just hoping time can heal
Dawson's broken heart." Joey turned around in his arms to face him. "For the past year or so, I was
looking for myself, trying to discover who I am. And

>as crazy as it sounds, I think I found myself in you.
You can
read me better than anyone. You know when
>to push and when to let go. You encourage me,
challenge me, and
love me in a way that no one else
>has before. I like the person that I am when I'm
with you. I
know I didn't make a mistake when I
>picked you, Pacey. You're the one for me."

>Joey looked deep into his eyes, hoping he knew she
meant every
word. Pacey brushed a hair off her face
>and held her head in his hands, studying her. He leaned
in after
a moment and kissed her soundly. Joey was
>breathless when he pulled back.

>"Come to bed, Jo."

>The End.

>Anyone for a sequel? You know what to do:
Loveyoulots@email.com

> <p><p>

End
file.